Simple Method by Which a Chore Boy Insured the Safety of His Benefactress— Trivial Events That Changed the Course a Life and Prevented a Wedding.

The man of experience seemed ill at ease. "Every man," he said, "who allows himself to lapse into serious reflection, and tooks back over the course of an eventful life will no doubt be mpressed with the fact that it is the unexpected even trivial incidents that determine our future actions far more often than careful pre-meditation. Now, look at me, for instance. If I hat not inwittingly swallowed a dose of morphine Thich sent me into a sound slumber for forty-eight hours. I should not be where I am to-day."

The young man who smokes nodded gravely. I am surprised not so much at your being here as a result of the indiscretion, but in spite of it,"

nt is a wonder. I was down in Ohio on a visit at the time. I have since learned that I chose a most inopportune time to pay my respects to my friends and relations. The whole community was then in an uproar. A man had been hanged there under mob law several weeks before my arrival, for murder and robbery, and the people were still excited. While this reign of terror was general it is probably safe to say that no one person suffered quite so poignantly from grewsome fears as did Mrs. Laura Peabody. Mrs. Peabody had no protector. She was a widow. Moreover, she was something of a magnate besides from personal qualifications. She not only owned the red brick house which stood in the midst of her broad fields at the end of a winding lang but she was likewise the fortunate possesso of several thousands of dollars in ready money wenty three pieces of solid silver and a shell box full of jewelry which, although old-fashioned, was genuine. Now, I had known Mrs. Peabody rears. She was a most excellent woman, and my sole object in going down to Ohio that pring was to offer myself as the protector that every one who knew her seemed to think she stood in need of. To be sure, I was totally ignorant, specious to my arrival, of the catastrophe which brought her lorn condition so prominently

n general principles and had chosen that time in general principles and had chosen that time to find out how she regarded my ambition.

"I reached my old home on a morning in middle May. Mrs. Poabody's farm was some five miles from the railroad station, and I set out across the fields at a brisk, steady pace. As I walked I gow quite wentimental in my thoughts and whim I was finally brought back from the clouds of ideality to sharp reality. I found myself myself attaining before Mrs. Peabody's trim white tate. The front of the house was tightly closed and without storping to knock I went around to the back ward. As I turned the corner my sars were greeted with a low, unmeledious whistle which exidentity issued from the lite of a small boy who was industriously piling up storywood under a large acute tree at the rear of the smokehouse. I stood there for a minute or more before he boy saw me. When he did turn round, at itself, in response to my admonitory cough he momely drouped an armload of the storywood, which he held, and turned as pale as any face so tanned and freekled as his could well become. Described not in notice the little fellow's discomposite and addressed him kindly.

"Where is Mrs. Peabody' I asked.

"The boy was gradually recovering his presence of mind and he looked at me keenly for a moment before answering.

"Size's gegoone to We willowwille," he said at limith in the stammerine tongue which I afterward found was habitual with him.

This was not beasant news, for I was quite anxious to see the lark of my choice and Willow-ville was a little village fully ten miles away.

"When did she go?" I asked.

"This mem-morning, said the boy, stiffly, "And when will she return" I centimized.

"I ded know, stammered the boy, 'www. whether shell ever excessing the how, stiffly, "And when will she return" I centimized.

"This heartless rook unnerved me completely. Graat Sout, I exclaimed, 'you don't mean to may that she's sold out and left this house in the care of strangers?

"Na-no, said the boy, deggedly, 'I ded-don't. Who se-said anything a hout." find out how she regarded my ambition.

into the public eye, but I wished to protect her

my that she's sold out and left this house in the care of strangers. "No-no, said the boy, doggedly, I diddon't. Who sessaid anything about e-ewilling out? I diddin't co-cause she ain t. An she ain t lidef the populate with atrangers, either. I ain t no stranger, I ain t. I'm Ulysees Bibliotink, what she add-doubted, and I've lived w-w-with Mrs. Peabout 11 for 1-five years. I have with Mrs. Peabout 11 for 1-five years. I have with Mrs. Peabout 11 for 1-five years. I have with Mrs. Peabout 11 for 1-five years. I have with Mrs. Peabout 11 for 1-five years. I have with Mrs. Peabout 11 for the boy's manner that, for reasons known only to himself, he was deciving me grossly. I looked about me irresolutely, debating what I should do. Suddenly Ulysees Brunk drew a step nearer. I saw then that has attitude toward me had undergone an extraordinary change.

"Mrs. Peabody n-n-never 1-1-likes to stay away an I-longer than she has to, he said, subtly, an I-longer than she has to, he said, subtly, an I-think it's 1-l-likely that she'll e-c-come back t-longer. Wouldn't you 1-like to wait and see! If you would, 1-last come upon the p-p-porch and I'll get you something to eat. Mar Peabody t-loid me to e-c-cook anything I wanted for my defining.

Hostile as the little chap had been toward me a tew minutes before, I saw no reason for suspecting treachery in his sudden show of interest in my welfare, and I unhesitatingly accepted the profered hosp taility. I sa down n a comfortable willow char on the pleasant western po chand as I watched the boy hurrying to and fro in the dining room and kitchen, proparine our noonday meal, I conjured up glowing pictures of the pleasures I should know when that chair and that porch and the dinners cooked and served by hands far more dainty than Ulysses Brink's should be wholly or partly mine forever. At 12:05 o'clock Ulysses hade me come into the dining room, and Last down to a tempting luncheon, which gave satisfactory evidence of the culinary skill of Mrs. Peabody and her devoted pupil. I fit shed that delicious meal at 1 o'clock on Monday. The time from then until 1 o'clock Wednesday is a nere blank in my existence, but I have been enterlained with so exhaustive recitals of all that took lace during three two days that I am able to treachery to his sudden show of interhere blank in my existence, but I have been enter-lained with so exhaustive recitals of all that took place during those two days that I am able to describe each succeeding event as accurately as if I had been an evewitness.

At 5 o'clock that evening Mrs. Peabody came home. Ulysses had been anxiously watching for her for an hour or more, and he ran down to the gate to meet her.

Mrs. mrs. Peabody, he said, 'h-h-he c-c-come boday about no nove,'

M.m.ms Pashody, he said, 'h-h-he c-c-come to-day about n-noon.'
"Mrs. Peabody dropped the lines over the dash-beard of the old-fashioned buggy and looked at Uryssee blankly. For land's sake, Ulyssee, the said, 'what are you talking about? Who came?'

Mrs. Feaboly dropped the lines over the dashboard of the old-dashiomed buggy and looked at Ulyssee blankly. For land's sake, Ulyssee; the said, 'what are you talking about? Who came?'

"He d-did,' blabbed Ulyssea. 'The m-m-man you be-been lookin' for ever sa-since the hangin'. The m-m-man who wants to k-k-kill you for your tures an' forks an' be bracelets.

'Mrs. Peabody leaned back in the cushioned seat, and her face grew whiter than the cherry blossems that were drifting down about her from the overhanging branches. 'Oh, Ulysses,' she faltered, 'who was he?'

"1d-d-d' know 'returned Ulyssea.' Td-d-didn't sak no names. I hadn't t-t-time.'

"And where did he go, Ulyssea? continued Mrs. Peabody.' Oh, what shall we do? We'll have to call in the neighbors, Ulyssea. We'll have to be dead of the control of the leaner to stay here all alone to-night. He'll come back and murder us all.

"N-n-no he won't, returned the youthful Ulyssea, triumphanily.' He c-c-can't come back, be-because he didn't g-g-get away. He'sl-l-locked up in the b-b-big fruit c-c-closet under the stairs, Ig-g-g-vive him his dinner an put all those elecptin powders what the doctord-d give you to t-t-take at night into his vittles, and if he wakes up this side o'k-k-kingdom c-c-come l'il miss my guess.' This graphic account of the lethargy that had overtaken her possible murderer tended to revive Mrs. Peabody 's fainting spirits, and with Ulysses's help she alighted from the low-bedded vehicle.

"Ulyssea, 'she said, squeering the boy'n hand affectionately, you are very brave. You are a real hen. You have probably saved the lives of hundreds of people. You will be rewarded. And now me must send this man to jail. You was run over to Jim Ward's at once, Ulysses, and teil Jim to go for the sheriil just as fast as his horse can gallop.

"Ulysses' she hand had looked do with

bounding upon the threshold of Mrs. Ward's kitchen and announced in piercing accents a man had just tried to kill Mrs. Peabody, hat he had been foiled in the attempt and d up in the fruit closet, where he was lan-ling at that very moment, and where he d undoubtedly continue to languish until f brought the sheriff, who would remove him it it took Ward but a second to grasp the of this communication. He did not stop to questions, but hastily saddled his horse and toward Batavia like one possessed, only

stopping long enough on the way to shout out to all way far from the follower of the way for making arrests, which are required he called up his deputy and several of his arong-handed friends who would be able to assist him in case the prisoner should prove fractious, and the whole posses where stringed in the friends dismounted. The house was dark as a grave, for in spite of Lysses Frank to the Schriff and his friends dismounted. The house was dark as a grave, for in spite of Lysses Frank to the string hand it was one than the vision of horror holded to the first the summoned the courage to temp fate by approaching the head state the distingtion on an inverted nail keep in the back yard, entertaining her visitors in the free air of heaven. The Sheriff arrived he found for a better the closet, and the whole the courage to temp fate by approaching the dependent of the sheriff and his friends distingtion to the fill with the head attached he is the provided of the fill with the head attached he is the study with the same has the fill with the head attached he is the fill with the head attached he is the study with the same has the will be a single when the fill with the head attached he is the

by he opened the door of the fruit closet where I sat doubled up in the arm chair in which I had been sitting when sleep overtook me. After awhile they drew the chair out into the middle of the room.

"I do not like to dwell upon that phase of my experience. In the course of a few minutes some man who prided himself upon being a close stude it of "uman nature decided that I didn't look to be such a bad sort of fellow, after all. When that opinion had been repeated to Mrs. Peabody she reluctantly arose from the nail keg and, supported by the strong arm of the law as personlified in the Sheriff, she consented to take a peep at her would be destrover. Out of respect for the lady I shall touch upon the succeeding details very lightly. She recognized me; she screamed, she called me by name; and some people then present have gone so far as to say that she kinsed ma. As this statement has been flatly contradicted by others who were also present, among them Mrs. Peabody herself, I am unable to youch for its varacity. But whether that osculatory performance be a fact or a fletion, ortain it is that Mrs. Peabody's actions were such as to convince bystanders that the good lady's assessin trapired her with sentiments the reverse of aversion, and one by one they withdrew and left me in charge of the Sheriff and Mrs. Peabody and Ulysses Brunk. A few minutes after the room had been cleared the Sheriff and Mrs. Peabody and o' Mrs. Peabody as minutes after the room had been cleared the Sheriff and Mrs. Peabody and Ulysses Irank. A few minutes after the room had been cleared the Sheriff and Mrs. Peabody and Ulysses raised the window and stuck his head out.

"I)-just want to seesay, he bawled out, lustily, that seesomebody's made a m-m missake. The man ain t an assassin. He a an old 1-f-friend o' Mrs. Peabody and insended to the Sheriff a disguisted assertion that he didn't believe the matter was settled yet, and by 7 o clock Mrs. Peabody a synd was tenantiess.

"What shat'" said the young man who smokes a was sufficiently wide a

where they don't give guests morphine powders for luncheon.

"What is that" said the young man who smokes.

"You don't mean to say that you went away time without telling the lady of what you came for?"

"That's just what I mean to say," said the man of experience. "I was alreid to do otherwise. I could never trust myself with a woman whose confidential servant was capable of feeding me on morphine every time he wish'd to get me out of the way for a day or so. As I said in the beginning, it is the unexpected things that determine the course of our whole lives.

The Influence of Modern Slang in Doing Away With Profune Swearing. From the Chicago Times Heraid. "Do you swear" asked a long visaged man

of an applicant for work
"No. by — . I don t." was the unexpected anwser, which lost the applicant a situation. That ewearing is a habit is exemplified by the readiness with which it is dropped when some other habit forces it aside. The habit of slang has superseded that of swearing; man being a talking animal uses a superfluity of words, and he likes those which are in the nature of epithets and carry conviction with them. There are degrees of profamity, and he suits his arrows to his outrageous furture. The careful observer must have noticed the absence of severe profamity from our affect and travel circles, very much less of that offensive use of racred names, an inclination on the part of men and boys of the loafer element to avoid loud scandaious phrases and profane retorts, and has perhaps wondered what has brought about so destraise a reform. The companion taked to the street car command. The not expectorate, has suggested. The not blaspheme? But the fact remains to gladden the sensitive soul, swearing as a habit is sensitive serves and some very lunny stories of literal swearing and some very lunny stories are told of the effect on authors, who feel themselves aggreed when their double-laced adjectives are softened down to meaningless hypnens and bianks. The humorist of a paper once tried to site in the blanks on a conscientions efficiency. epithets and carry conviction with them. There

and bianks. The humorist of a paper once tried to sip in the bianks on a conscientious editor inchief in this intie atory. A man who had a temperance wife kept a little brown jug under the side entrance to his house, which was screened from observation, and all went well until one day when a visiting delegate called and Mr.—took him out to view the scenery and have a nip from the jug. But the jug was give. The host got down on his knees and crawled far under, and came back empty-handed. Looking ruefully at the man he intended to honor, he said: It's d—d seldom where that jug ia." When the story came out in print it read: "It's seldom where that jug is." When the story came out in print it read: "It's seldom where that jug is." and when Mr. Humorist ventured to remonstrate with the editor he was took to be thankful that the "seldom" was left in, as there had been doubts about that in a story of current date by a well-known army colonel this peppery punctuated sentence occurs. "I shouldn't be surprised," said Canker, decisively, "to find a whiskey still in jull bast or a complete gambling outfit, dash, dashem to dash and dashnation.

When Mark Twain sent out his new patented

peppery punctuated sentence occurs. "I shouldn't be auroprised, "said Canker, decisively, "to find a whiskey still in full blast or a complete gambling outfit—dash, dashem to dash and dashnation."

When Mark Twain sent out his new patented self-mucilaged scrapbook, some years ago, he published a series of testimenials from parties who were supposed to have tried the scrapbook. One purported to be from a "minister's daughter," who wrote: "Since owning your scrapbook I have never used a single oath." Mark can swear solidly himself, but he does it without malice, and with the most ladylike form of expletives.

Army rules are very strict concerning swearing, or would be if they were enforced, which they seldom are. How could they be when the Generals of the Army are, almost without exception, men who accentuate their commends with great caths? Even Gen. Washington swore with such vchenience on occasions as to frighten his subordinate officers into immediate discipline. It was the exception of Washington's conduct, and not the rule, and for that reason carried with it greater power of persuasion. Gen. Grant goes on record as a non-swearer. Sheridan swore fluently in the service and in social life, greeting his friends with a red-hot oath of welcome that was to him the very flower of speech. The army oath is fearfully and wonderfully made with a dash of mule talk, lingling spurs and a peculiar diabeter of its own that belongs exclusively to army circles.

In 1679 a Quartermaster in the English Army had his sword broken over his beed, was dismissed from the service and had his tongue branded with a hot from for using profane language. If such rules existed to-day in the British Army Kipling's "Soldiers Three would not be taken as lair samples of the rank and file, and some critic would be apt to write:

I don't know.

I don't know.
It may be so.
But it son ds to me
Like a blina-blarked lie.

Marjorie Fleming, that precocious child friend of Sir Walter Scott, wrote a poem on a bereaved turkey which may be taken as a specimen of early profanity in poetical garb:

But she was more than usual calm. She did not give a single dam. Sha did not give a single dam.

Favorite authors of past decades have garnished their conversations freely with oaths, and in their own correspondence have not heat-tied to use the emphatic language of profanity. Charles Lamb, in writing to Wordsworth, used a familiar prefix, which is illustrated with two ds and a connecting dash, but he explained that he only meant "deuced" and soothed his friend's feelings. Dickens had one of his characters employ the remarkable oath, "I'll be Gormed." Pope and Byron swore poetically, in rhyme, without reason, and used the oaths of piratea. A peculiarity of those who accusion themselves to profane language is that the smaller the provocation the bigger the oaths.

Broken Commandments.

From the Deliveit Free Press.

The brilliant young preacher when he makes his parcelial calls endeavors to cultivate an acquaintance with the development of the younger minds, thus after a fashion keeping tab upon he should yechool teachers.

The other afternoon, while he was waiting in the drawing ream of a teaut in Cass avenue residence for the delayed appearance of Elsie's mamma, he was entertained by the little daugiter herself. Taking her upon his lap, he legan a review of the church easons that had been given to the little maid of 5.

"Can you tell me, Elsie, how many commandments there are?"

Yes, sirt seven or eight." From the Detroit Pres Press.

mandments there are?"
"Yes, sir, seven or eight."
"Oh. no. dear, there are ten."
"Yes, I know there used to be, but I heard pana tell mamma yesterday that you had broken two or three of them at least, and that would leave only seven or eight, you know."

the run upon bearing the excitement, retired via the front door to the middle of the street, where she informed an interested public that Mr. Smith had come home to dinner and brought the devil with him: while the family cat, after one casual glance at the deceased reptile shinned up the backyard grape arbor in a perfect abandonment

"This snake's all right in its way," said Smit.h "but I'd rathe have my happy bome, and it don't look as if the two were compatible. I'll give it house room for a day or two and then present It to some bachelor apartmenta"

With some difficulty and after repeated assur-ances that the object of her terrors was quite dead, Smith persuaded Bridget to return to the house and her duties. Mrs. Smith was somewhat reconciled by learning that at any time the serpent could be turned into a band-ome belt for herself, if she so desired, and consented to try it first as a wall ornament for a time. The cat refused to come back, but that night eat on the back fence and told all the other cats about it until the neighborhood quelled their comments and interjections with handy bric-a-brac.

Upon arriving at his office the next morning Smith found a note from his friend highy setting forth a sad case; to wit, himself. Bixby had recently returned from the arid South whence he had brought a large fund of information regarding the noxious invect and reptilian life of the region, a reputation for a leaning toward revolver practice, and an abounding thirst which all the strong waters in New York couldn't quenchhe hadn't tried the other kind. Bixby wrote:

"DEAR SMITH: I've been going it for the last week or year or something. Been trying to put the Raines law out of business by drinking all the booze before Sunday. I'm pretty much on the aboriginal hum in consequence. They haven't got me yet but I saw one of 'em last night. It had long, pink, wriggly cars and I thought it was an eci till I saw the hoofs on it. It's been hovering around all this morning and I've been trying to chase it with ammonia cocktails for I know if it ever gets near enough to say "Tag". I'm it. If you've got room in your placefor a head like a barrel I wish you'd take me to Brook-lyn to-night. I need a change of air. Oh, my boy; I re been on a toot that would make the Angel Gabriel's trumpet feel like a busted penny whistle. I'll be at your office at 5, with or without assistance as the case may be. Yours At the appointed hour Bixby arrived in a cab

to Mrs. Smith that she had better invent and accept an invitation to dine and spend the night at her aunta. Not that Bixby was intoxicated. He was sober and sorry for it. After dinner, Smith judged, there might be trouble. Upon their arrival he explained Mrs. Smith a absence and Bixby suggested cocktails as a starter be-fore dinner. His friend persuaded him to tackle the bathtub instead as a bracer, and after a cold bath and some fresh clothes Bixby said he thought he could eat something, with a little help. the help that Smith allowed him was one lone whiskey and seltzer, whereupon Bixby looked unutterable reproach at the dispenser of sparse hospitality but was too polite to protest. After dinner Bixby was nervous. Smith suggested club. They went. One game of billiards there showed up Bixby a condition in its true light. He tore two holes in the cloth and nearly put out the marker s eye in trying to score three on the play. Then he demanded drink not loudly but else for it. An hour passed and Bixby was feelto start home and suggested dropping in to see a doctor on the way. Bixby snorted at the mentor, what he wanted to see was a bartender. Off he w nt in search of one and Smith had to follow. By the time they got home Smith was mad and his guest was apparently happy, but behind that happiness was a strain of anxiety evinced by sundry furtive glances which he cast around him, and in the front half he embraced the stairpost with tears, confiding to it that it was his only salvation against a hungry horde of gigantic germs which were, even then, camped upon his trail. By urgent insistence Smith made him drink large quantities of water and presently put him to bed, secure that nothing worse than a very had head would be the result of that evening a induigence. But he saw, too, that it was only a question of a short time before his friend would go to pieces if a stop weren t put to his course, and he sat down and meditated deeply upon the subject. Sudden-ly his recently acquired rattlesnake projected its wicked head and shining eyes into his thoughts and he slapped his thigh as does a man when he hits upon a happy thought or a mosquito.

he hits upon a happy thought or a mesquito.

"By thunder, I'll do it," he cried. "It'll scare seven kinds of moonlight, sunlight, and starlight out of him, but it'll serve him right and it'll cure himm, too, if anything will."

Even then flixby was snoring with that thick, sticky snore that means "dead to the world," in the room adjoining Smith's and connected with it through a double wash room. Above the head of the sleeper were two pulleys fastened to the ceiling, formerly used for the manipulation of a mosquito set. To rig up a tackle of fine but strong thread on these pulleys took Smith less than five minutes, and he worked with perfect security that nothing could awake his guest who didn's so much as sit or groan when Stoith stepped on his chest. A few minutes work with the ratitesnake and a needle followed, and then the reptile, fastened head and tall rose and soared above the bed of the sleeper. Smith ran the thread into the washroom, made the snake fast to the ceiling and went to bed. knowing that he would wake up before his guest. The last thing he heard that night was the snoring of Bixby; it was still going on, though in a higher key when he awake in he morning.

All the probabilities towere that the guest would sleep heavily for an hour more at least; so Smith had breakfast alone and leisurely and then went upsteins with a large pitcher of ice and a siphon of seitzer to call Bixby. It was something of a job to arouse that gentleman, but he finally responded to Smith's knocks in a drawing snart, it would take him some time. Smith knew to get his eyes open, so the boot slipped around to his tackle and waited. To his great disappointment Bixby snoozed again. There was an alarm clock in the room. Smith went quietly in and set it and in three minutes its buzz was whirring in the sleeper's ears. Pawing the air and with his features which gently weaking the air and with his features which gently weaking the air and with his features which gently weaking the for a morning weaking weaking the form the produc seven kinds of moonlight, sunlight, and star-

"By thunder, I'll do it," he cried. "It'll scare

look up and not see that thing. Oc-oc-och-b-h-h! I can see my finish and it's worse than I thought It would be.

It might have been three minutes before Smith heard the sound of a long breath; the indrawn spirit of determination. The face of lixby emerged from the clothes and froze with horror. Above his face and so near that the wind from it fanned his brow the vision of horror hodded its devilish beed rapidly. Then begin the real thing in a serpentine dance Up soared the terror to the cailing, only to swoop down again like a hawk. For a moment it hung swaying, then began to coil and writhe and wriggle and waggle and squirm and dart and gilde and gildder until the flesh slid on lixby's bones and the tibres of his soul writhed in imitation of the convolutions of the floating monatrosity. It occurred to Smith that the thing had gone about far enough and he let his hideous puppet come to rest and was thinking what to do noxt when he observed that Birby was about to do something himself, beening his atrained gaze fixed on the rattlesnase the guest reached out and grasped his trousers which lay on a chair within reach. He drew them toward him and fumbled in the pockers. Hefore Smith had time to comprehend what he was after there was a succession of dealening reports and amid a cloud of smoke Smith contingers the distingrating particles of his snake fluitering down upon an empty bed. Birby threw himself, yelling, upon the floor and casting his revolver from him scrambled on all fours to the nearest door which happened to be the one that sheltered Smith. Grabbing Smith by the knees he proceeded to give a very fair miniation of a fit of hysterics. Smith serzed the solter bottle and gave him the stream full in the face. It was not with that intention that he had brought it upstairs but it answered admirably. Casping and choking Birby came to his sense.

and gave him the stream full in the face. It was not with that intention that he had brought it upstairs but it answered admirably. Gasping and choking likeby came to his senses.

Tell me it was, tell me it was, he brokenly besought Smith.

Of course it was, old man," said Smith, perfectly comprehending the somewhat elliptical query. He knew what was filling likeby a tor tured mind to the very brim at that moment. It was a stuffed snake that I had about the place."

Thank God, said the other simply and fervenly. Whew, It was aviil.

Shooting the rest of the selfizer into the pitcher of ice Smith handed it to him and he drank chokingly, shaking all over with the reaction of the relief. Smith wendered why his intend wasn't furiously angry at the trick if as had been played on him, and feit himself sensewhat conscience-attricken, but determined to make the best use of the occasion.

"It might not have been real, flix," he said. Ilixiby greaned.

Tou'd never have known the difference," said his host.

Bisby groaned again and pressed some ice against his head.

so ferrently that his host knew there was nothing to Arthur, thence to Newberg and Grand Forks, ing better, at least he said he was Smith got him sition that the disputing factions should settle

EXPANSION OF OUR TRADE.

SOUTH PRACTICALLY UNANIMOUS FOR A BROAD NATIONAL POLICY. Letters From Fifty Southern Representative Business Men on the Isthmian Cana

-The Revival of the Merchant Marine and the Retention of the Philippines. BALTIMORE, Dec. 2.—A few days ago the Manufacturers' Record asked about fifty of the leading business men of the South for their views upon the resolutions recently passed by the

Southern Cotton Spinners' Association, which have attacted such general attention, and upon kindred topics. They were asked to give their opinions upon the following questions: (i) The importance of the construction of an

Isthmian canal.

(2) The need for the development of the Amer lean merchant marine through Government aid to afford adequate facilities for our increasing commerce with the world.

(3) The demand for a steady expansion of our navy and the control of the Philippines by the United States as a strategic point in the East in connection with the development of pur trade with Oriental countries. It was suggested that these questions, vitally

affecting the business interests of the country and especially those of the South, could be discussed from the purely business standpoint as bearing upon the growth and expansion of the South's commerce and industry. This week's issue of the Record devotes six pages to the publication of the letters received. With only two exceptions, every writer taken a decided stand in favor of every one of these propositions, and these two strongly urge the importance of the canal, but question the wisdom of Government aid to the merchant marine. On the other hand, with these two exceptions, some thirty or forty oth rs, who are among the foremost leaders in Southern upbuilding, whose influence is felt in every part of the South, urge strongly the importance of subsidies in aid of our merchant marine, the expansion of our navy commensurate with the position of our country in the world's affairs, the control of the Philippine Islands, and the maintenance of the "open-door" in China-Mr. Ellison A. Smyth, President of the Polsor

Manufacturing compass, operating the startest with the second the



## TEN MINUTES **NIGHT AND MORNING**

WILL PREVENT YOUR CONTRACTING DISEASES OF THE AIR PASSAGES OR LUNGS.

Ten Minutes Four Times a Day

WILL CURE CATARRH, BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

Ten Minutes Every Hour

WILL CURE CONSUMPTION AND PNEUTIONIA.

Ten Minutes at Bed Time

WILL PREVENT OR CURE CROUP.

Five Minutes at Any Time

WILL STOP A COLD.

Five Minutes Every Now and Then

WILL CURE A COUGH.

Five Minutes at Any Time or in Any Place WILL INSURE YOU AGAINST DIPHTHERIA, SCARLET FEVER AND ALL CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

It Kills the Germs at Once.

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THE R. T. BOOTH COMPANY, Ithaca, N. Y.

appropriations of millions of dollars for expositions, for harbor and river improvements, all to
encourage commerce, and yet it is objected that
steamship lines should be subsidized to open up
dozens of harbors and rivers all over the world
to us. South Carolina is undergoing a rapid
change, and the thousands of operatives in this
State will demand that er Representatives in
Congress look after their interests in this particular. Both of the Senators and at least three of
the mem ers of the House have replied to the letters of the Southern Cotton Spinners' Association
in terms which leave no doubt as to their position.
They will support the Federal Government in its
policy to keep the China trade open.
These are brief extracts from a few of the leading letters. T. C. Duncan, President of the Union
Cotton Mills, Union, S. C.; W. B. Smith Whaley,
president of several mills at Columbia, S. C., and
a large number of other business men in
different parts of the South contribute letters
equally strong in their indorsement of these questions.

TRADING SHIPS CARRY NO CASH NOW.

Away to Nothing.

A son of the old time yachting ceptain, Jack White, of Red Bank, picked up a Mexican silver dollar of 1834 on Sandy Hook the other day. Capt. Jack said it reminded him of many a dollar he had seen that had been picked up along the Jersey coast and on Long Island shores.

"Mexican silver dollars," he said. "were the

money of the commercial world during all the early part of this century and you could find them whenever there were wrecks. Nowadays pirating would not pay, but in those days every ship had to carry a lot of money every time she went on a voyage. Nowadays a captain doesn't bave to have anything but a bit of pocket money, and it is a fact that many a ship goes out on a voyage with bardly a dollar on board. If the captain needs anything he can either draw money at

meeds anything be can either draw money at any port be enters or else find credit there.

"It was very different a generation ago. In those days a captain had to take out with him mency enough to last him for the whole voyage, and something for emergencies besides. He often had big sums aboard, also, that were used in trading, or that represented a cargo soid.

"It was not uncommen in those days for a ship to start out with a full cargo, bound for some foreign port, where the captain would have to hurth his own market. If the cargo wouldn't sell well there, he had power to go to any other part to bunt a profitable market. Then when he had soid out, he was experted to buy new cargo, either for a home port, or parhaps, some other part of the world. It was not unusual for a captain to handle half a dozen cargoes on a long trading voyage, and come home in ballast, with a big box of silver dollars to help keep his ship up to the wind Even the little vessels carried a lot of mon y aboard.

"I guess that dollar was wrecked there fifty years or so ago, and it has been drifting around in the sands ever since."

BELL RUNG ON THE PREACHER.

A Serious Duty Imposed on Church Members in a Michigan Town.

"You remember the chestnut bell, of course?" said the man who had got out of Chicago with only the loss of one of his shoe heels. "Well, I was greatly taken with it at the time, and when I set out to visit my old home in Michigan I bought a dozen bells to take along. Nobody in the town had heard of them, but I hadn't worn one over a day when the people caught on and I was falrly besieged. When Sunday came I prepared to atend church like a dutiful son, and at the proper time mother and I were scated in her pew. Just what the text was I can't remember, but the minister had scarcely announced it when six of my chestnut bells sounded among the congregation. The good man didn't mind them in the least, but went ahead with his work. He was rung up on his hymn, and he was rung up every minute or two on his sermon, and though there was something amusing about it I was also half-scared out of my boots. As I had brought the bells to town I didn't know but what he'd hold me responsible, and open out on me. About the middle of his sermon he said something about Jonah, and eleven of those bells went 'i-n-g' on him in succession. He stopped, and looked around, and then caimly said:

"Will those people who are fingling keys kindly fingle a little softer?"

I was thankful to get out of that church without a calamity, continued the bell man, "and I didn't do any laughing till the next day. Then it was because I learned that every blessed man who had rung up the minister was ecrously in camestabout it and felt it a sort of duty, and because that minister himself called at the house and accepted my own bell and rung it up on mother within five minutes?" day when the people caught on and I was fairly

No Fear When Death Draws Nigh. From the Philade phia Record.

From the Philaderphia Record.

"I have seen thousands of persons dis under all sorts of circumstances, and never yet have I seen one display the slightest fear of death." This remarkable statement was made the other day by a physician who has practised many years in Philadelphia, and who has seen a great deal of hospital service.

"It is a popular failacy," he went on, "to imagine that a deathhed scene is ever terrible, other than as a parting between loved ones. The fear of the unknown is never present at the last. Even amid ignorance and vice I have never experienced such scenes as a novelist, who strives after realism, will sometimes pleature.

who strives after realism. Will sometimes pieture.

"When a patient is told that he caunot recover and the end is near, be invariably seems resigned to his fate, and his only thought seems to be of tho e who are to be left behind. This is true allike of men and women.

"Those who become hysterical and declare they are not fit to die are the ones who are not as ill as they think they are. They always get well. "A navchological reason? O. I don't know that there is any. It's just a human train."